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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

C. Copeland

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No.

8

JANUARY, 1925

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Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

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180 Longwood Avenue Boston 17, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 8

MANY lovers of the dog will learn with pleasure that the "Dog Derbies" or dog team races have been given up as part of the Montreal winter sports.

AT Westminster Abbey, Sunday, June 15, last, a beautiful prayer for animals was read. What would English church goers have thought of this even a few years ago?

FURS make a plain woman beautiful and a beautiful woman divine," so says a fashion advertisement. But what of those tortured victims of the cruel trap robbed of all the beauty with which Nature clothed them?

THE Prince of Wales was close to the truth when he said that the person who saw an animal cruelly treated and failed to report the case to the Society for their protection was about as guilty as the actual offender.

A PART of the sufferings inevitably connected with killing animals for food will come to an end as men and women more and more become convinced that the less meat they eat the longer in all probability they will live in health and happiness.

MEN and women are still discussing Lord Byron. One of his biographers tells us his love for animals led him early in life to give up hunting and fishing, and indeed all sports that meant suffering to them. Certainly some revealing light is thrown upon his character by this statement.

THE humane world will be shocked to learn of the death of the Rev. G. B. Vivian Evans, Anglican Chaplain of Versailles and president of the Animal Aid Association.

He had a passionate love for animals and during the war he collected dogs that had been left behind by people who had departed from Versailles and fed them until their owners returned or new owners could be found. Once he had thirty dogs in his care. He was the author of "The Soul of a Dog" and other poems of merit.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE

WISDOM and education are two very different things. There are many educated fools and many uneducated wise men. Edward Elwell Whiting, the well-known author of Whiting's Column in the *Boston Herald*, has long seemed to us to be a thinker, both wise and educated. The observance of "Education Week" called forth from his facile pen an article that many a professional educator would do well to read. From the utterances of not a few educators one might think that the salvation of the world depended upon a knowledge of science, literature, art, and history. But does not every really educated man know that the real saviors of the race have often been men whose opportunities in these directions have been of the narrowest? The highly-trained intellect moved by an evil heart is like the finest Damascus blade in the hands of a vicious swordsman.

We have chosen the following paragraphs from Whiting's

Column on Education Week

"We have liked to believe that education is the panacea for political and moral ills; liked to believe that when at last all the people are thoroughly educated, and when ignorance is no more than a dim memory of a vanished era, there will be no more misunderstanding, no more oppressions, no more exploitation of the helpless, no more cruelty, no more tyranny, no more injustice, no more meanness and no more hardheartedness, vice or sin. Yet a reading of history is not reassuring, if by 'education' we mean training of the intellect.

"We like to exalt intellectual development as a fine thing; and so it is. Yet it has not saved nations, races or families or individuals. It is a melancholy fact that intelligence and intellectual keenness can be, and have been, applied for purposes of evil and selfishness, with as great effectiveness as in the cause of good. It does not save civilizations. Egypt did not pass into the sands of forgetfulness through mental dullness, nor did Rome come to its end by lack of intelligence.

"Astronomers know the distances from star

to star; but the old man baring his head in veneration on a hilltop in a summer night knows all there is for mortal to know about the heavens. Scientists can offer an explanation of a cat's purr; but the gentle murmur of it by a fireside tells the drowsy dreamer in an armchair more than all the accumulated science of the centuries could offer."

It is in consideration of words like these that the value of what is known as Humane Education, or as it is often called, the Higher Education, is recognized.

THE NEW PERIL TO SOME OF OUR WILD FRIENDS

THE discharge of oil refuse from oil-burning ships is resulting not only here but in Europe in the destruction of these winged creatures whose appeal is always so strong to all bird lovers. Lord Lamourne, chairman of the Council of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has written in urgent terms to the *London Mail* with regard to this growing peril. Bird Protective Associations in this country are also becoming thoroughly aroused to the evil. Secretary Hughes is to be asked to call an International Conference upon the Pollution of Extra-territorial Waters, already authorized by Congress.

In his stirring article, Lord Lamourne says that in the last eighteen months from information gathered in the neighborhood of Folkestone, Hythe, and Sandgate, upwards of three hundred sea birds have been found in a disabled state covered with oil and unable to fly. Numbers also have been found on the English coast with their wings so clogged with oil that they were undergoing a slow and painful death. Some means, he continues, must be found to protect our sea birds from this terrible scourge.

Think of Bryant's lines "To a Waterfowl":
*"Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?"*

And then see the picture of one of these beautiful creatures dropping fearlessly into familiar waters only to meet the suffering of a pitiful death.

JACK LONDON CLUB STILL GROWING FAST

ITS INFLUENCE A BAR TO FURTHER CRUEL EXPLOITATION OF ANIMALS

THE Jack London Club is opposing the cruelties in animal training. You can become a member of this club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

RODEO CONVICTIONS

THE Rodeo has evidently been moving about in England and getting into trouble. At Romsey, Hants, "Montana Bob," previously convicted of cruelty at Jersey, was fined £15 and costs for cruelty to a steer. At the Thames Police Court "Tex Miller" was fined £20 and 5 guineas costs for kicking a steer which was down and whose horns it was discovered had recently been cut off. At Yarmouth for cruelty to a bucking broncho a man by the name of Ford was fined £5, 15s. All honor to these English courts!

LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Marshall, Texas, Nov. 10, 1924.

Our Dumb Animals,

Gentlemen:

I am writing this to let you know how much in sympathy I am with the work you are doing to stop human cruelty to dumb animals. There is absolutely no need for it, and I believe the larger number of people who know about these abuses, such as training animals for shows, cruelty in medical research, etc., the sooner such practices will be stopped by the weight of public thought. I like your magazine because you tell about the cruelty. The more people know about this, the sooner they will have it stopped. Keep telling it in ever widening circles!

With best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,
J. C. HUNT

WOMEN'S CLUBS TAKE ACTION

THE Presidents Council, representing sixty-three women's clubs with a membership of 5,000, at a recent convention in Seattle passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, An account of the annual Pendleton round-up exhibition has been brought to the Presidents Council, which unfolds a story of revolting cruelty to defenseless animals and consequent demoralization of human beings; and

Whereas, Such an exhibition is a gross violation of American tenets of justice for all and does not in any sense represent either the spirit, traditions or ideals of the Northwest; and

Whereas, Shows of like character, offshoots of the Pendleton affair, are being introduced into the State of Washington, to its shame:

Be it Resolved: That this Council call upon the organized women of Oregon and Washington to unite in arousing a humane public sentiment that will forever place a ban upon such exhibitions in these respective states.

The Washington State League of Women Voters has also adopted a similar resolution protesting "these odious exhibitions which do not, as is claimed for them, represent the traditions of the Northwest and which are un-



STAMPEDE OF LONGHORNS IN FIENDISH FILM PRODUCTION

From N. Y. Morning Telegraph

American in their nature of injustice to the helpless, and that we call upon our public officials to protect the State of Washington from being further shamed by shows of this character."

THE LION-HOUSE

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK in "The Black Panther" (Scribner's Sons)

ALWAYS the heavy air,
The dreadful cage, the low
Murmur of voices, where
Some Force goes to and fro
In an immense despair!

As through a haunted brain—
With tireless footfalls
The obsession moves again,
Trying the floor, the walls,
Forever, but in vain.

In rain, proud Force! A might,
Shrewder than yours, did spin
Around your rage that bright
Prison of steel, wherein
You pace for my delight.

And O, my heart, what Doom
What warier Will has wrought
The cage, within whose room
Paces your burning thought,
For the delight of Whom?

FACING A GRAVE MENACE

ENGLAND is strongly resenting the invasion of the American rodeo promoter. Forewarned by certain phases of the exhibition at Wembley during the past summer, out of which several prosecutions for cruelty to animals were successfully maintained, public feeling is aroused against the "imposition of rodeo" upon the country. Stern opposition has arrayed itself against the alien sport at Leeds which has been chosen as the first place to attempt the establishment of rodeo on a large scale. A Limited Company formed for the purpose has erected a marquee with capacity to seat some 15,000 persons and preparations for a nine days' show during December were made. It was proposed to enact the rodeo later at the Crystal Palace, London, for a run of six weeks.

Meanwhile the Leeds Rodeo Protest Committee has been organized. Leading citizens, church officials, members of Parliament, are taking a stand unitedly against this great menace under the guise of amusement enterprise. Press and platform and pulpit are proclaiming it as an abomination. The Secretary of the Leeds Committee, Mr. H. B. Amos, writes: "There has been a wonderful response with resolutions and letters of sympathy and appreciation, from not only the churches and chapels but from other organized altruistic and religious effort as well.

"Altogether, the omens are hopeful that the grosser evils associated with rodeo performances in this country will be eradicated, and something substantial done towards preventing a reactionary and retrograde form of amusement—it is not sport—being foisted on the country, in its worst forms."

A circular put out by the Leeds Committee urges all members of the Jack London Club and all who want fair play for animals to unite in putting down bull-dogging, broncho-riding, steer-wrestling, and other degrading sports at once. Great Britain is not fertile soil for rodeo practices to take root or thrive. They can exist and flourish only where national decadence and retrogression are dragging to lower levels. Says the *Manchester Guardian* editorially: "The conflict of man and animals to make a townman's holiday savors of the amphitheater in a very ugly way, and the argument that so much human skill and pluck justifies the violent use of animals to display their qualities is simply the old defense of bull-fighting in a modified form."

GORILLA HUNTING

IN a letter to *The Times*, London, "M. P. L." writes as follows:—

A man, who after once killing a member of any of the ape tribes, can do so a second time must be callous indeed. May I give an experience?

It was a colobus. After being shot it placed its paw over the wound and just looked at me, seeming to ask, "Why have you done it?" Then its mate, with a little one, appeared from some leafy corner, and, coming quite close, told me in unmistakable language the sort of brute I was and felt, and finished by pelting me with sticks. A few days later, at dawn, in the depths of a Uganda forest, I met a large troop of baboons, strangely enough in a long column, marching two and two, with four old ones acting as monitors. I dodged behind a rock, but the youngsters had seen me. Breaking rank, they swarmed round me, and apparently were highly amused at what they saw, but the old ones were soon after them, and scolding them for such a lapse in manners, by cuffing and boxing of ears soon had them again in formation, and they disappeared among the rocks. Very human? Not at all. Had they acted like humans, they would have killed and labeled me: "This hideous creature is a specimen of the Genus Homo, thought once to have been of arboreal habits, but now degenerate." If the slaughtering of wild life be not stopped the Genus Homo will soon have the world all to himself, and a horribly dull place it will be.

NEW FIELD WORKER IN THE SOUTH

TO aid in bringing lessons of kindness to animals before colored pupils in schools of Virginia, the American Humane Education Society has secured the services of the Reverend John W. Lemon, of Ark. In the short time Mr. Lemon has represented our Society he has been successful in winning the helpful co-operation of numerous school officials. He has spoken in many schools, with the result that Bands of Mercy, with hundreds of enthusiastic members, have been formed. No more faithful or efficient workers are employed in the humane field than the colored representatives of our Society whose efforts among their own race in the South are meeting with a ready and gratifying response.

Humane Poster Contest

Under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Open to pupils in all the Public and Parochial Schools of Massachusetts above the Third Grade through the Junior High



SOME OF THE POSTERS MADE IN FORMER CONTESTS

THE awards, which will be distributed liberally in every school entering the contest, will consist of handsome medals, especially designed for the purpose by Mr. Raymond Porter of the Massachusetts Normal Art School. Honorable Mentions, to be awarded by one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* (value, \$1.00), will be given in every grade of every school competing. The results will be announced early in Be Kind to Animals Week, April 13 to 18, 1925.

Dr. Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education, says: "I believe the proposed plan of enlisting the interest of children in Humane Education through the drawing of posters will prove most stimulating. I am very glad to express my interest in it."

Mr. Royal B. Farnum, State Director of Art Education and Principal of the Normal Art School, says: "Posters offer a valuable opportunity for expression in art classes of the public schools. Children are particularly interested in animals and the humane appeal strikes a note of sympathy in the children's hearts. Combining this note with their drawing and design work offers an excellent opportunity for stimulating right thinking and creative imagination in appealing to human sympathy for our dumb animals. Any work which our schools can do along these lines should be doubly valuable."

The contest is open to all pupils above the third grade in Grammar Schools and to all pupils in Junior High Schools of the state.

The posters should bring out the idea of kindness, and may or may not contain the words "Be Kind to Animals," or may or may not give the dates of Be Kind to Animals

Week, April 13-18, or of Humane Sunday, April 19. Brief sentences or mottoes may also be used, but each poster should tell its own story in the picture.

The drawings may be pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper or silhouette, water-color or charcoal. The use of colors is strongly recommended.

The drawings must be on cardboard or heavy paper, not less than 14 x 18 inches, and shipped flat, to reach the offices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. not later than Friday, April 3, 1925, and preferably earlier.

Teachers are requested to submit only the best work of each school, limiting the number to five from each room, and to mark on the reverse side of the posters whether the school has the benefit of a supervisor or teacher of drawing.

Posters entered in the contest become the property of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., but in special instances, where arrangements are made, those not winning medals may be returned to the schools.

The name of the contestant, name and address of the school, and the number of the grade must be plainly written in the upper right corner on the back of each poster.

No posters will be received later than Friday, April 3, 1925.

The prize-winning posters will be on exhibition at the Fine Arts Department, Boston Public Library, April 13-19, 1925, and the best of them will be sent to the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, to compete for prizes offered in the national contest. Address the posters to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.

A BIRD BATH ON THE LEVEL

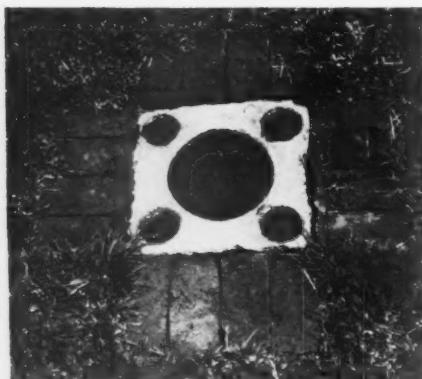
A. C. GAGE

ANY lawn may be a bird refuge. At least the birds have quickly recognized our efforts to be friendly with them, winter and summer. Bread crumbs with a bit of bacon fat and salt, put out on the snow, have drawn a congregation of appreciative diners. Three years ago, they came in such numbers that we renewed the supply almost hourly. They nested more than ever in our trees the following spring, bluebirds, robins and the white-crown sparrow that sings at night.

Under the spray of the lawn sprinklers they fluttered and bathed. That summer the idea occurred to us of making a bird bath. It proved very popular from the first. Five robins at one time have disported themselves in the small basin, while a waiting list perched on the trellis near by. There has been a varied list of patrons—those mentioned, and the western grosbeak, meadow-larks, and sparrows. One distinguished visitor was a brilliant pheasant cock, who stayed only briefly and found the bath too shallow for his purposes.

The bird bath is made of cement, flat and even with the surface of the lawn. The mower runs over it without hindrance. At first it was only the white square shown in the center of the picture. Later we put the red bricks around it to keep the grass from growing over the edges. Visitors ask if it is an airplane station, white and red in the green of the lawn. But the birds know. One difficulty is in keeping it filled with water when business is brisk. A trickle from the hose keeps up the supply.

Any reader may duplicate this bird bath. We cut out with a lawn-edger a square sixteen inches each way, eight inches deep; then



CEMENT BIRD BATH ON THE LAWN

a layer of concrete, four parts sand to one of cement, about two inches thick; then a square of one-inch mesh wire netting as re-inforcement; next more concrete to the level of the lawn. An aluminum kettle from the fireless cooker was forced down into the plastic cement to form the central bowl. A knife-blade was run down the side to let in air when taking out the kettle. The four seed-basins at corners were made with the bottom of a small bowl. Over all a mixture of two and one cement for surface was applied. It has never checked or cracked, and holds water today as well as when made. We had never known the beauty of the wild canary birds, nor their variety of plumage until we began watching this simple natatorium.

A Shy Winter Bird Neighbor

ALVIN M. PETERSON

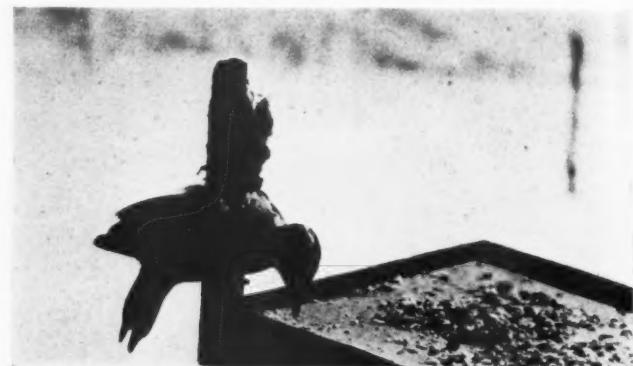
THE hairy woodpecker is usually to be found at home in rather deep woods, where he lives on grubs and insects found either in the trunks and branches of trees or in cracks and crevices in the bark. He is perhaps the least confiding of our common woodpeckers, the flicker, red-headed woodpecker, downy woodpecker, and sapsucker being more confiding. Often he is to be seen bounding along in undulating flight from one tree to another or from one grove to another, calling out "peek" in loud, sharp tones as he flies along. He protests against your intrusion with the same loud note if disturbed while hunting his dinner, and then either flies off or hides behind the trunk of the tree. At other times, he calls or protests with a rolling series of notes.

The hairy has a sharp, chisel-like bill, a sharp, barbed spear-like tongue, sharp, stiff tail feathers, and four toes on each foot arranged in pairs, two in front and two behind. His sharp bill enables him to drill holes in trees for a nesting-place or to dislodge some grub or insect hidden beneath the bark or deep in the wood of the tree. In the latter case, the hole made is much smaller than in the former case. The pest when reached is first impaled on the bird's sharp tongue and then withdrawn and eaten. The sharp claws on the toes and the arrangement of the toes enable him to cling to the trunks and branches of trees, while the stiff, pointed tail feathers serve as braces.

Hairy is not a songster, but nevertheless has a characteristic way of making real music. He is, in fact, a drummer, drumming a lively tune on dry, resonant branches of trees.

The nesting-hole is pear-shaped, with a few chips scattered over the bottom on which the eggs are deposited. Dead willow stubs seem to be highly prized for nesting purposes. No doubt, this is mainly due to the fact that the dead wood is soft, enabling this feathered carpenter to make a large hole with comparative ease. The stub, you may be sure, is hidden deep in the woods along a stream perhaps far from human habitations. From three to six white eggs are to be found in each nest, the usual number being five.

Evidently all woodpeckers have noisy youngsters. Last spring I found a hairy's nest in a willow stub that leaned out over a small stream. I often visited the place and always found the young birds more or less noisy. Their cries for food could be heard for quite a distance. I rowed past the stub shortly before the young reached maturity. A parent was just returning from a foraging trip and protested against my intrusion with loud "peek" notes. I sat still in the boat and it finally entered the hole in the stub where it fed the hungry youngsters. I imagine that part of this bird's scolding may have been directed against the young birds for being so noisy.



HAIRY WOODPECKER PICKING CRUMBS OF SUET FROM FOOD TRAY

given woodpecker is a hairy or a downy. Besides, the hairy has pure white outer tail feathers, while downy's are spotted with black.

The hairy woodpecker stays with us winter and summer alike and is classed as a permanent resident. Where he nests in summer, there you will be likely to see him during the winter months. In spite of his shy disposition, he is quite easily attracted to the yard by means of suet. This may be tied to a tree, post, or suet stick. Hairy woodpeckers roam about a good deal and sooner or later one will find the food you have provided for the birds. It may take him a day or two to raise enough courage to take his first meal, but after that he will be sure to visit you one or more times a day.

The hairy woodpecker shown in the accompanying photograph visited our feeding devices regularly for more than two months last winter. It always announced its arrival in our neighborhood with loud call notes and spent some time about a bur oak near the house before flying to the food tray. Before the winter was over, it seemed to feel that the suet we provided for the birds was its personal property. How it scolded if any of us were in the yard or to be seen near a window!

THE SKYLARK CAGED

*BEAT little breast, against the wires
Strive little wings and misted eyes,
Which one wild gleam of memory fires,
Beseaching still the unfettered skies
Whither at dewy dawn you sprang,
Quivering with joy from this dark earth, and sang.*

*Beat little breast, still beat, still beat,
Strive misted eyes and tremulous wings,
Swell little throat, your Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
Through which such deathless memory rings—
Better to break your heart and die
Than like your gaolers to forget your sky.*

ALFRED NOYES

BORROWED PLUMES

GERALDINE E. LYSTER

SHE was a gentle mother
Who labored to make a home,
And then she lay down contented
Till all her dear babes had come.
And, when by her side they nestled,
So helpless and weak and small,
The world was enriched by a matchless love—
A love that surpasses all.

He was a radiant songster,
He jeweled the dark old tree;
He sang to his mate in rapture
A song of the gay and free:
No cloud marred his life's horizon,
He knew neither fear nor pain,
But only that day chases silv'ry night
And that sunshine succeeds cool rain.

* * * * *

She is a dainty lady,
In satin and rare old lace,
But her beautiful form and features
But mirror her soul's disgrace,
For over her fair white shoulders
Is hanging the mother's hide,
And the bright glossy wing in her burnished
hair,
Was torn from the singer's side.

THE average life of goats is about 12 years.
Every vici kid shoe is made from goat skin.
Mohair goods in the dress line are made from goat's hair.

The average Angora goat will produce about 6 to 8 pounds of mohair.

The silk plush of every Pullman and Wagner parlor car is made of Angora goat hair.



IN THE HEART OF THE BIRD SANCTUARY
IN LEE COUNTY, FLORIDA

Bird Sanctuaries in Florida

L. B. ELlis

ALMOST a century has passed since Audubon made his visit to our extreme southern peninsula, and rhapsodized in those unforgettable letters of his over the beauty and abundance of bird life in Florida.

It was in 1832 that the great naturalist wrote from St. Augustine about the "flocks of birds, thousands everywhere," proceeding from this to relate with what delight he had noted the swarming multitudes of pelicans, egrets, herons, cormorants, gulls, and terns, all fearlessly happy in the trees, swamps, waters.

"There were four hundred nests of cormorants over our heads," the enthusiast recounted, having returned from a visit to a native rookery on one of the tide-water islands near the old Spanish city. "Rose-colored curlews stalked gracefully beneath mangroves, purple herons rose at every step we took, and each cactus supported the nest of a white ibis; while great flocks of birds overhead, as they passed, seemed like clouds. The air was darkened by the whistling wings, while on the water floated beautiful purple gallinules. Great flocks of ibises fed apart from equally large collections of godwits, and thousands of herons paced along the sand."

Small wonder this prince of bird-lovers was exhilarated to the highest degree amid scenes such as he here describes. Nor is it wonderful that our own hearts thrill to the visualizing phrases. To see flocks of white ibises feeding at hand, roseate curlews with quiet wings and fearless eyes!

Then our sad reaction! From such exuberance of beauty and life, the thought leaps forward to the cold and cruel facts of the frightful ravaging, the appalling destruction wrought upon these innocent and joyous multitudes in later years. In the scarcity of most of these species today, the practical extinction, indeed, of such as the white ibis, one can but read the mute and piteous testimony to the desolation wrought by the barbarous practices long inhering in certain phases of civilized life.

If Audubon should tread our shores at the present time, how sadly must his great heart ache at the tokens of devastation, the drear emptiness of these wide and sunny spaces he found once life-filled and joy-filled, the utter absence of the myriads of happy-winged things which then flashed bright plumage whichever way he looked.

But if Audubon could come back today, he would at least find us awakened, aroused to the tragic issues resulting from the wanton cruelties practised against our songsters and plume-carriers. Everywhere now public sentiment declares against bird destruction, and for strongly enforced protective measures.

Within a few years Florida has become noted for its bird sanctuaries, federal, state, county, municipal, privately donated, even

in one or two instances endowed. In fact, the latest available official report on this score shows the state as having within its borders more than half of the larger havens and reservations now in existence.

There are eleven federal reservations of importance on the Florida coast, Atlantic and Gulf, namely, Dry Tortugas, Pine Island, Key West, Pelican Island, Mosquito Inlet, Island Bay, Passage Key, Matlacha Pass, Palma Sola, Indian Bird Key, and Caloosahatchee. Add to this the Audubon Reservation of Orange Lake.

One state reservation is a matter of pride, Royal Palm Park, in the southern peninsula, tropically wooded, comprising nearly two thousand acres. This is under the wardship of the federated women of the state, is carefully guarded from fires or any hostile invasion; and, from careful count, it has been found that practically every species of the four hundred birds frequenting Florida are to be found within these confines at one season or another.

Volusia County, Fla., recently achieved the unique distinction of having itself made a county-wide sanctuary by legislative enactment. A coast country, Pinellas, of great extent, has thrown a chain of sixteen havens, practically interlinking, down its entire litoral.

The municipal and private sanctuaries of noteworthy size numbered sixty-nine at last official count.

The most notable recent contribution to the great protective movement is that of E. W. Bok, editor and humanitarian, whose negotiations for 2,700 acres in the highlands of Polk County are just now reported as successfully concluded. The tract is on Tiger Creek, north and west of Lake Walk-in-the-Water, a region of wonderful forests, lakes, jungly tropic expanses, open savannas. This native "chase," redundant in bird and small animal-life, Mr. Bok now proposes to turn into a reservation and public park combined, with numerous paths and a few highways running through, but with a strict wardenship maintained in perpetuity.

The cost of the land and improvements will be borne by Mr. Bok. But the County Commission of Polk will maintain the guardianship of the reservation. They will add, also, it is stated, to the already rich store of bird life by stocking with flamingoes, ibises, roseate spoonbills, and other varieties of the beautiful creatures long ago lost to this section.

A highway will also connect this reservation with the sanctuary at Mountain Lake, near Lake Wales.

EXIT THE HORSE (?)

ACCORDING to the Phoenix Horse Shoe Company of Chicago there are today in the United States, 27,283,413 horses and mules. Twenty years ago we had 300,000 less horses and 2,370,000 less mules. In spite of these facts Collier's Weekly figures out that by 1966 there will be no horses left. We believe our friend, Manager Frank B. Rutherford of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., has the truth of the matter when he says: "Dobbin is of more importance than is imagined these days. While people have been talking about the extinction of the species he has been slipping slowly back into harness."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1925

FOR TERMS, see inside front cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE

THE men who threw two or three little guinea pigs into a burning furnace, in the alleged attempt to fathom the mystery connected with the recent death of a woman in Ohio whose body was found in this same furnace, undoubtedly justified themselves in the name of science. We have yet to learn that any knowledge was gained from the brutal experiment that ordinary common sense could not have determined unaided by any such deed of cruelty. We are more than confident that here was an attempt to pose as exceedingly scientific by men who have needlessly outraged multitudes of intelligent and humane people throughout the country. According to the last reports no value at all was placed upon the results of the torture to which the little victims were submitted.

WAS IT ONLY INSTINCT?

WE dare not say; we do not know. But she was only a black and white alley cat that had given birth to her kittens almost simultaneously with the first explosion in the saltpeter plant in Jersey City's recent fire. Homeless, friendless, she had crawled for shelter under a porch of one of the buildings. Through an aperture in the porch a stream from a fireman's hose drenched her. Frightened, she ran out. Another stream caught her and actually lifted her up and carried her nearly across the street. Then she remembered her kittens. Meanwhile the police who had formed a barricade through which no one was to pass, saw her trying to get back through the line to the burning building. Knowing nothing of her purpose, they tried to stop her. It was in vain. She broke through the line, ran under the porch and came back to the street with a kitten in her mouth. Three times she did this before the porch caught fire. A policeman tried to get the others that had been left. The flame was too hot. The cat went back for a fourth time, but the heat compelled her to retreat. Slowly she withdrew to where she had deposited the three she had saved. By this time her devotion had attracted almost as much attention as the fire till the crowd began to cheer her. This they did heartily. Then a little Polish girl appeared, herself made homeless by the fire, who insisted upon taking the mother and her babies to care for. With the babies carried in her skirt she stole away from the scene, the crying mother following at her side.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

A FRIEND in England, whose social standing and whose familiarity with English life give great weight to his opinion among those who know him, has written us with reference to those sports which we commonly designate as "blood sports." This gentleman in the finest sense of the word we know to be a lover of animals. He is intimately associated with the Royal S. P. C. A. of England. His words are worth consideration by all humanitarians. The following is his letter in part: "This is a subject to which I have given much thought and have come to the conclusion that some such sports have to be. The appetite for them is ingrained in human as well as animal nature throughout the ages. It is quite true that in the case of animals food is the object in most instances, but not always. Human nature has not the excuse of food, as it would be childish to pretend that men shoot pheasants for food rather than for sport. We have passed through many centuries of civilization, refinement, education, effeminacy, if you will, and rationalism. Blood sport has also through the centuries had an ever-increasing opposition in the wonderful growth of non-blood sports, baseball, cricket, tennis, football, etc., but the appetite for blood sports has not diminished, and therefore, to my way of thinking, it is meant to stay with us.

It remains, however, for us to say where we draw the line, what sports we shall allow to continue and what we shall suppress. Public opinion has always been the chief factor in coming to this decision and has already pronounced against such sports as bull and bear baiting, cock-fighting, pigeon shooting, dog and man fights and other horrors. If one were to attempt to draw up a sort of table of all modern day sports that each, considering for himself, might decide which he will favor and which avoid, points should be given for all the side issues that may have a bearing on each. For instance, the death rate per head in each sport, the personal danger incurred in each, the good, direct or indirect, that attends each sport, such as training in horsemanship, ridding a part of the country of nuisances, or of dangerous animals as in India, the encouragement of a healthy spirit of emulation, and lastly but not least the formation of character. Without going into details, I think I should place big game hunting in the East at the top of the table. There the death rate is low, personal danger is high, and the district is rid of destructive animals. Then I should place fox hunting next, as there again the same points are made, though to a lesser degree, and so on down to rabbit coursing and tame stag hunting, for which I have no words of sufficiently pronounced contempt. I think, too, we must not forget that in all blood sports there are evident signs of an increasing tendency to let the animals off more easily, to give them a sporting chance. Foxes that have gone aground are not so often dug out as formerly; most fox hunters, I feel sure, would not dream of joining in a tame stag hunt.

"Here is something that has often set me thinking. I once asked a lady, a devoted lover of animals all her life, now dead many years, what her opinion was concerning these sports. She replied, 'What can I say?' Here is my son A, who shoots steadily every season. He is a great lover of animals, and would go far out of his way to help a lame dog over a

stile. Here is also B, his and my friend, who never killed an animal in sport all his life. Animals mean absolutely nothing to him, they are just world furniture, like trees and flowers. It would never occur to him to do a kind act to an animal.' " A. and B. were both clergymen.

Whatever response any of us may make to this thoughtful letter, it is well worth while to know how one intellectually capable with the best of us to discuss the subject, and whose devotion to the cause of animals admits of no shadow of a doubt, regards this, to animal lovers, always serious question.

THE RARITY OF RABIES

SIX million cases and apparently no rabies! Think of it when reading of the next "Mad Dog Scare." During the last thirty years the American S. P. C. A. of New York has had the supervision by legislative enactment of the licensing and impounding of dogs in that city, and during this period has called for and brought to its shelter over 6,000,000 stray, unwanted, diseased, injured, and vicious dogs and cats. We have a letter from the general manager of the Society confirming the following statement made recently in the *Humane Record*: That although the employees have been bitten repeatedly and by dogs alleged to be mad, not one has had hydrophobia nor, so far as he knows, has ever taken the Pasteur treatment. This should be satisfying evidence, says the editor of the *Record*, that death from the bite of a dog must be an extremely rare occurrence.

GOOD NEWS FROM GEORGIA

OUR representative and worker in Georgia, Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, sends us the following telegram dated November 14: "The women of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs convening in Atlanta have endorsed humane education and recommend it be taught in the public schools of Georgia, and a vote of thanks has been extended to the American Humane Education Society of Boston, Mass., for generous supplies of humane literature furnished free of charge by it to the schools of Georgia."

Much of this is due to Mrs. Weathersbee's endeavor. She writes that when we can secure the same action by the Parent-Teachers Association, which she believes will be forthcoming, we can hope for a humane education law in Georgia.

A DENIAL

WE publish gladly the following: To the Friends of Animals: It has been brought to my attention that I am being quoted over the country as not opposed to "Rodeos" or "Wild West Shows" in which contests with animals occur. Such statements are absolutely false. I have always opposed them and always shall as long as the cowboy and the lariat, or either of them, are used in such exhibitions, since they cause great suffering and, therefore, do not promote the kindness to animals for which all really humane people are striving. More than enough suffering is caused these helpless creatures by what large numbers of people suppose to be food necessities. To be *amused by their suffering* is a measure of humanity.

EDWIN R. WEEKS,
President of the Humane Society of Kansas
City, Missouri.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer
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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

MRS. W. J. McDONALD, President
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	633
Animals examined	4,616
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	20
Horses taken from work	73
Horses humanely put to sleep	153
Small animals humanely put to sleep	677
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	49,578
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	119

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during November of \$45 from Miss M. C.; \$35 from Mrs. W. S. Y., for free endowment of dog kennel in memory of "Sport"; \$25 each from H. C. D. and Mrs. J. F. L.; and \$20 from Mrs. A. C.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Julia M. Day of West Springfield; Mrs. Clara Woolls of Saco, Me.; Elizabeth J. Lannon of Cambridge; and Mrs. Aurelia H. Bonney of Brockton.

December 9, 1924.

A NIAGARA JUDGE

FOR an outrageous act of cruelty to a dog, a Niagara judge fined four men \$200 each and sentenced them to 180 days in the county jail. Men have committed murder and escaped with a lighter sentence than this. The chances are that no one within the jurisdiction of this judge will want to be brought before him for cruelty to animals. May this judge, in the words of dear old Rip Van Winkle, "Live long and prosper."

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent
FREE Dispensary for Animals
Treatment for sick or injured animals.
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary		
Cases entered	681	Cases	1,304
Dogs	474	Dogs	971
Cats	173	Cats	319
Horses	32	Birds	7
Birds	2	Horses	6
		Cow	1
Operations	471		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	44,799		
Free Dispensary cases			61,934
Total			106,733

A DIRECTOR HONORED

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT, a director of our two Societies, has recently been honored by the King of Italy with the decoration of the Cross and the Crown of Italy with rank of knight. The scene of two of Mr. Orcutt's most popular novels is laid in Florence. It was Mr. Orcutt also who revived the type faces of that famous Italian printer, Giambattista Bodoni. The Boston *Transcript* says of Mr. Orcutt:

He had translated into English and published Pompeo Molmenti's "La Storia di Venezia della Vita Privata," and he designed and produced the famous Humanistic type which Charles Eliot Norton pronounced "the greatest contribution to typography since Caxton."

WORSE THAN BUTCHERY

WE have just read in a recent dispatch from Mexico City that gun batteries known as "armados" on shallow lakes often slaughter as many as 2,000 birds at a discharge. What are these wholesale killing machines but an enlarged edition of automatic and pump shot-guns that it is said are now in the hands of some 5,000,000 so-called sportsmen, and, pardon the expression, "game hogs," in the United States? No wonder a very serious effort is being made to stop the wanton destruction of wild life in our country, but these American sportsmen, Heaven save the mark! are in the same class with these savages of Mexico.

IN a recently published letter of John Greenleaf Whittier occurs this sentence: "What the world suffers from is the lack of love, not the excess of it."

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

FAIR OF THE AUXILIARY

THE big Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held all day and evening in the ball room at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, Tuesday, November 11, 1924. Under the direction of the officers, Mrs. William J. McDonald, president, Mrs. Lucius Cummings, vice-president, Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, and Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, secretary, who, with their able corps of table chairmen and many other willing assistants, were on hand early and late, everything went off satisfactorily and a very handsome sum was netted for the work of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

In addition to tables known as bargain, candy, apron, food, utility, Junior Auxiliary, children's grab, tie-up, and membership, over which the sales of the various commodities were made, there was afternoon tea, a cafeteria, bridge and mah jong, and, in the evening, dancing. Many features were introduced for the first time at an Auxiliary Fair, the principal innovation being the change of scene from the Society's building on Longwood Avenue to the city's most pretentious hotel.

During the day illustrations of the work of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., showing views in the Hospital and at the Rest Farm, and pleasing pictures of children and animals, were exhibited by means of the stereomotorograph. There was also an exhibition of prize-winning humane posters made by pupils of the public schools of Massachusetts.

Especial mention must be made of the fine service rendered by the Winsor School girls, under the direction of Mrs. Mary M. Richmond, and also by Miss Virginia Pratt and her friends of Newton.

To all who contributed in any way to the success of this occasion, including the numerous helpers, those who generously sent gifts of merchandise or cash, business men who liberally patronized the souvenir program, and those who made purchases over the counters, the officers and members of the Auxiliary wish to extend their sincerest thanks through *Our Dumb Animals*.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guarantee of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

**American Humane
Education Society**



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see inside front cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company.

Humane Press Bureau
Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

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Nicasio Zulaica C.	Chile
F. W. Dieterich	China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Charles Maul	Czecho-Slovakia
Toufik Chamie	Damascus, Syria
Luis Pareja Cornejo	Ecuador
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Mrs. Myrtia Keeler Campbell	Mexico
J. A. Forbes	New Zealand
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
D. D. Fitch	Venezuela

Field Workers of the Society

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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark., Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F.H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

WELCOME CO-OPERATION

THE National Congress of Parents and Teachers recently held a Board of Managers meeting in Denver, at which the Board voted to add to their list of co-operating agencies the name of The American Humane Education Society.

In advising us of this vote, the corresponding secretary wrote: "It gives me pleasure to inform you that while this action only makes formal a relationship which has existed in spirit and in action, you will, I trust, be pleased to be advised concerning it."

THE HORSE IN OUR STREETS

FOUR years ago a movement was set on foot in Denver, Colorado, to forbid the use of horses in the city. Soon after, a heavy snow storm tied up all vehicles except those drawn by horses. The city became for a while wholly dependent upon these faithful servants to transport its food, its coal, and its fire apparatus. That was the last heard of the movement.

Today we hear frequently of the slow-moving horse tying up street traffic for the hurrying automobile. Why shouldn't he when the street is lined on both sides in many cases with parked cars? It has been said that "the abuse heaped upon the animal-drawn vehicles should be directed at the parked cars which create bottle necks in traffic, or as is frequently observed take up one-third the available street space."

Then again much is said about the unsanitary condition of the street because of the droppings from the horse. The daily sweeping of the street almost entirely removes any ground for complaint, as, according to the United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin, it takes flies from four to five days to develop from the egg through the larva stage to an adult fly. But how about the automobile with its poisonous gases laden the air? In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* it was said last August:

"The exhaust gas of automobiles is extremely poisonous. Even when entirely odorless, colorless and free from soot, it is much more poisonous than any ordinary form of smoke. This fact is well established both in scientific journals and in popular magazines and the daily papers. Nevertheless, the public is in large part either still ignorant of it, or acts as if it were ignorant.

"The observations were made chiefly in New York, but to some extent also in a smaller city (New Haven, Conn.). They apply in large measure to congested streets in all large cities, and to the business portions even of cities and towns of moderate size. These investigations show the conditions to be much more seriously inimical to health than has heretofore been supposed.

"Thus the present mode of exhaust not only contaminates the air in the streets, and the shops and apartments at street level, but also, owing to the rise of air in the buildings, it produces contamination of air even in the upper floors of tall buildings. . . .

"The contamination of the air in the more congested streets of American cities during hours of heavy traffic reaches the upper limit, and for shorter periods even exceeds the upper limit, of a well-founded health standard."

From another source comes the following:

Trees in Central Park have suffered so from the exhaust fumes of countless automobiles that "they remind me of the shell-torn forests of devastated France" in some places, says Mr. Schieffelin, Chairman of the Citizens Union of New York. If the trees cannot stand these fumes, how about the lungs of men, women and children? . . .

FOR each five dollars contributed either to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or to the American Humane Education Society, we shall be glad to send two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* for a year, additional to his own, to any addresses the giver may send us.

THE BROKER POET

WILMER BENJAMIN

SOME whim of fancy led me to peruse
This magazine which deals with things apart
From Wall Street life;—I foolishly enthuse,
One vivid sentence plays upon my heart.

"And somewhere in the South a breeze sprang
up—"
Aye, "somewhere in the South"; would I were
there
Plucking the golden yellow buttercup,
Tasting the sweet magnolia-scented air.

My nature worship led me oft away
To woods where I could see the wild folk roam;
Happy was I when idling half the day
Watching the gay young robin build his home.

The thing men call Ambition made me quit
The quiet village for the city's strife,
And, though I boss a business, I admit
That power and gold have cost the best of life.

Chained to my office with a chain so strong
That even Love cannot unforget the links,
I struggle for Success, a hollow song,
Success, at which the wise Minerva winks.

I crush my fellows, all inside the law,
And trade my soul for gold, while in my breast
I long to hear the crow's shrill warning "Caw!"
To watch the new-fledged bird within its nest.

My stifled voice emits but feeble song;
Would I had strength to fight my greed and win,
Would I could leave this life I've lived so long
And sing with Robin of the joy within.

I'll stick to ticker tape for reading now
And win a few more thousands on the Street;
Thoughts of the happy past but make me bow
My suffering head to memories, bitter sweet.

THE PHILIPPINE S. P. C. A.

ADVICES and correspondence recently received from Manila give evidence of the energetic and successful work that is being done by the Philippine S. P. C. A. Mrs. Marie von Pionkowsky, who is the president of the Society, writes: "Our work is going ahead in good shape, and we are doing much good. The most important work we have here is with the street horses, the poor little overworked ponies who draw the two-wheeled rigs called 'carromatas' for public hire, who are abused, beaten and underfed. There are some 4,600 of these in Manila alone, so you see we have our hands full with these, but of course we also attend to other lines of cruelty, cattle shipments, dogs, etc. It is wonderful work, and it is a fine feeling to know we can alleviate the sufferings and make the lives more pleasant of these poor dumb animals who cannot complain nor rebel at the cruelties of mankind."

To improve the condition of the carromata ponies Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, a vice-president, has offered ten first, ten second and ten third prizes to cocheros (drivers) for the best-looking ponies, which are to be awarded on New Year's Day at the Society's headquarters in Manila. In addition, a first and second prize will be awarded to the best kept stables in the city. The effect of this offer is noted in the better treatment of the ponies during the past three months.

THE NEW YEAR

*A FLOWER unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A casket with its gifts concealed:
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.*

HORATIO NELSON POWER

A YOUNG HUMANE LEADER

MANY residents of Yakima, Wash., have good reason for extolling the fine abilities and attainments of Miss Doris Hildyard, a seventeen-year-old High School girl, a skilled horsewoman and a lover of all animal life. Miss Hildyard, whose photograph with her dog, is here produced, is the daughter of C. Stanley Hildyard, formerly a member of the Northwest Royal Mounted Police. With a mother also expert in the saddle, it will appear that Miss Hildyard comes by her superb horsemanship naturally and through the best of training.

That her sympathy and regard for other animals besides horses is strong, was shown by an editorial of hers which originally appeared in *The Wigwam*, High-School paper of Yakima. It was entitled, "Is this 1924?" and was reprinted last month in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Miss Hildyard witnessed a rodeo held in a neighboring county and the shocking brutalities so affected her as to call forth her protest in her school paper. It was a scathing denunciation of bull-dogging and other rodeo outrages and is being used widely and effectively by western humane workers in the campaign to put an end to some of the worst forms of commercialized cruelty to animals. Without solicitation Miss Hildyard has rendered a distinguished service in the humane field.



DORIS HILDYARD AND HER DOG



SCOUTS SAVE DOG'S LIFE

F. S. CLARK

LUCKY," a San Francisco dog, owned by L. F. Hofer, likes Boy Scouts. And he's got mighty good reasons for it. For he owes his life to two Boy Scouts who because of their Boy-Scout training knew how to make a tourniquet. Don and Dan Brassell, twins, and the sons of Dr. E. H. Brassell, are the particular Boy Scouts he has in mind, members of San Francisco Troop, No. 82.

While the two boys were on their way home from school the other day they noticed a trail of blood across the sidewalk. True to their Scout training they followed it. It led them down the street to the home of Mr. Hofer. Out in the back yard behind some old boxes they found Lucky. He was so weak from loss of blood that he was lying down, completely exhausted. He had crawled into a dark corner, according to the instincts of dogs, to die. But a feeble wag of his tail showed the boys there was hope, if the flow of blood could be stopped.

"I got a handkerchief," said Dan reaching into his pocket. "Got anything to bind it with?"

Don had had the same thought—a tourniquet. And he pulled a lead pencil out of his pocket for the binder.

Without wasting time Dan tore a strip about two or three inches wide from the handkerchief, and folded it over and over, three or four times, making a strong narrow band of it. Then he tied a square knot in it, and while Don held him, he slipped it over Lucky's injured foot, one of his hind ones. Lucky never winced at all while the tourniquet was being tightened up. He may have been too weak to, but he seemed to understand that it was for his own good.

Once the bleeding was stopped, the boys located Mrs. Hofer who, it happened, was visiting their own mother. Mr. Hofer was called by telephone, and raced home from his office in his car at such a clip that he was arrested by a motorcycle officer for speeding. He fully expected Lucky would be done for, because of the delay caused by his arrest. For Mrs. Hofer had told him how the boys had traced the dog by the trail of blood. But she hadn't told him of the tourniquet; so instead of finding Lucky done for when he finally did arrive home, he found him beginning to get better.

And the next day when he explained the reason for his hurry to the judge Mr. Hofer was even let off for speeding. By back-trailing the boys found the cause of Lucky's accident, a broken glass jar with a sharp corner on it. Apparently the dog had stepped inside it, and it had turned up with considerable leverage because of his weight, cutting a deep gash. When, later on, a veterinarian bound up the wound he said that without question Lucky would have bled to death had it not been for the tourniquet.

SAFE IN THE CARE OF DOGS

WANDERING from his ranch home near Cottonwood, on the evening of Nov. 10, the little three-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Drew was lost and was not found until 10 o'clock the following morning reports *The Superior (Arizona) Sun*. It further states that three farm dogs of the ordinary mongrel type were also found missing and it was the belief that the dogs had followed the little fellow. After an all-night search, in which hundreds of neighbors participated, the boy was found peacefully sleeping with the dogs closely snuggled about him. When the searcher, who made the discovery, approached the boy the dogs bristled up and prepared to protect their charge. It was with some difficulty that the dogs permitted the rescue. The boy appeared perfectly happy when discovered and had not suffered from cold, as he was kept comfortable by the warm bodies of the dogs.

A BRONZE memorial tablet to "Garry," Governor Percival P. Baxter's dog, will be placed in the State House at Augusta, Maine, in accordance with an order passed by the Governor and council. The order specifies that the tablet shall be erected at the Governor's expense as a "constant reminder of the faithful services rendered by domestic animals and as an expression of the hope that the day will soon come when cruelty to animals will be no more."



**FASHIONABLE
FURS
FOR
PRICE
SEE OTHER SIDE**

In the Editor's Library

ANIMAL PALS, edited by Curtis Wager-Smith.

This collection of stories includes the prize winners and many others which received honorable mention in a recent contest conducted by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was specially planned for boys and girls who love animals, and should serve such purpose most admirably. Moreover, so great a variety of true tales of animals and birds who have ingratiated themselves into the hearts of their human companions and friends ("animal pals") somehow fails to express the real tie that binds must make a much wider appeal and reach those—

"Who've never liked a purring puss nor stroked a puppy's ears;
Who've never listened with delight when robins sang o'erhead;
Who've never petted horses nor watched the cattle fed."

Another feature of this volume is comprised in its illustrations. An animal photographic prize contest, also projected by the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., brought a most favorable response. No better collection of pictures illustrative of the kindly and loving relationships between animals and their human associates has as yet been gathered into a single volume. Both stories and photographs were judged by committees representing writers of distinction, editors, art critics, and prominent leaders of the Humane Society.

A section of the book contains a group of stories under the title of "The Cleverest Animal I Have Known," to which contributions are made by Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia, Mrs. Ethel Soper Hardy, Madam Maria Jeritza, Governor Baxter, Dr. F. H. Rowley and others, who have shared the love and friendship of animals and have related personal experiences in most appreciative terms.

The royalties accruing from the sale of the book are to be used in starting a "visiting veterinary hospital," a project never before attempted in the United States.

233 pp. \$1.50. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

FRIENDS OF MANKIND, Douglas English.

As a preliminary to this subject, which is in the main a study of our domestic animals, the author presents two remarkable chapters on the First Men and the Hunting Age. In tracing the evolution of

modern man from his first plant-eating Miocene ancestor he discusses many of the stages of human development, their causes and effects, with such exceptional clearness as to make a scientific exegesis as interesting as a novel or a tale of adventure.

Consider this one paragraph on the first "taming" of an animal by man, as both biological and human (e) deduction: "Any young bird will take food from human fingers; any young mammal may be trained to show affection towards its keeper; in any part of the world where animals have not been molested by man, they approach man curiously and amiably, until, by bitter experience, they have learned that such confidence is misplaced. There is no such thing as an animal which instinctively attacks man with a view to killing him. The whole matter was summed up with unconscious humor by one of the old nature writers: 'This is a very dangerous animal: when attacked it defends itself.'"

Used, as we are, to agriculture and domesticated animals, it is hard for us to realize the life led by our primitive human ancestors, and how slowly the farmyard has evolved through thousands and thousands of years.

Mr. English, who is a distinguished British authority on animals and animal life, as well as an internationally famous photographer of animals, traces the history of the farmer back to our ape-like ancestors, describes the changes the centuries have made in the shapes, sizes and habits of animals, pictures the "Great Hunting Era" which lasted over forty thousand years in Europe, discusses the localities in which our domestic breeds—cows, goats, sheep, poultry, dogs, pigs, cats, horses, etc.—originated and tells us how they came to their present forms and uses.

The book is an unusual compound of scientific fact, brilliant imagination, humor and valuable practical information, which falls into none of the conventional categories, but will be found stimulating and enjoyable by the reader interested in the story of mankind or of the earth we inhabit.

284 pp. \$3. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

PERCIVAL PLAIN DOG, Jemima Remington.

A half-dozen cleverly told tales and four poems, spiced and flavored with humor most agreeable, are from the pen of the editor of *The Humane Pleader*. Toronto.

Percival M. P. (mongrel pup by new version) had an uncontrollable penchant for mischief. His repertory of pranks and misdemeanors includes all the fifty odd varieties in the canine calendar; his crowning *coup d'état*, which threatened diplomatic relations, being the destruction of six chapters (not the author's) of an irreplaceable manuscript. His versatility for mischief, comic and tragic, is the inspiration of his biographer.

Bound in paper, and containing several well-done pen and ink sketches, the small volume is only too short a treat for the literary dog lover.

68 pp. 75 cents. Toronto Humane Society, Toronto, Ont.

CAT ADOPTS FOX TERRIERS

A PLEASING story comes to us from the A. S. P. C. A. of Baltimore which has been caring for a very unusual mixed family—kittens and two fox terriers nursing from the same mother. The mother terrier was so injured by an automobile that she had to be chloroformed. Her offspring, "Romulus" and "Remus," were immediately adopted by "Theodosia," a plain tiger cat. The puppies and kittens make up a lively nursery.

DOG SAVES WHOLE FAMILY

R EV. Jacob Crawford of Rochester, N. Y., and his family of four were warned of the burning of their house by a fox terrier just in time to escape from their bedrooms. The dog's barking awakened Dr. Crawford. All were taken from the building by firemen.

INJURY TO A QUAIL AROUSES STUDENTS

MILTON J. PHILLIPS

A LITTLE wounded quail was slowly dying while several hundred city high school boys and girls inquired hourly, "How is it; is it alive?" and with similar evidences of concern, indicated the grip an injury to a little bit of wild life could have upon human interest.

"My little brother found it in the woods yesterday; it couldn't fly; so he caught it, and I brought it to you. We think something is wrong with a wing," explained the young woman.

As a matter of fact, the right wing was dragging, and the bird cried out, apparently with pain, when it was being transferred from the box to the animal cage in the laboratory, where it was given clean water in a clean dish, cracked corn, and an abundance of dry brown leaves which were strewn thickly over the floor of the cage to carry out the protective color values and make it less conspicuous, and more comfortable.

Examination of the wing disclosed an angry wound from a single stray bird shot. The humerus of the wing was shattered, and wing and breast muscles were green, indicating blood poisoning, or gangrene. During examination which was done by loving hands, a blood clot shot out and the little sufferer bled freely.

The suffering bird is a by-product of the hunting season. The students, boys and girls of 16 to 17, Seniors and Juniors, grasped the idea readily that this little victim is only one of many thousands, possibly—birds, squirrels, rabbits, even larger game—that are wounded by stray bullets from hunters' guns, and crawl away to conceal themselves as best they can, and die, while suffering for food and drink.

It is, therefore, an impressive object lesson, and may have created sentiment much more forcefully and lastingly than could have been done in any other manner.

Opinion was divided in the ratio of four to one, against chloroforming it in order to put an end to its suffering. Because it has withstood the blood poisoning for a period of 100 hours, they hoped it would throw off the poison and live. Assurances have swarmed in that if it lives, there are many homes in the city of Pittsburgh, that will be open to a quail with a broken wing.

Between life with a broken wing, and death, the pupils are certain that a bird, like themselves, would prefer the former, if it could make its preferences known.

A big, broad-shouldered varsity football player came in and wondered if splints could not be placed on the little wing. A hundred would contribute money to have the bullet removed by an expert, if there were such a man to work on a bird wing.

They would propose a bill abolishing shot-guns, and would require all hunters to use guns that fire but one bullet, in that manner hoping to put a definite end to stray bullets and sufferers similar to their little laboratory quail.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.



THE MAN WHO TALKS TO
MONKEYS

F. H. SIDNEY

JOHN F. McAULLAY, employed as a brakeman in the Boston & Maine passenger yards at the North Station, Boston, successfully solved over twenty years ago a problem that scientists have been working on for a long period. McAullay served in the navy during the Spanish war, and one day while his ship was in Philippine waters, he and a number of shipmates were given shore leave for a short shooting trip. There were hundreds of monkeys in the trees near where the party landed. Jack thought the monkeys looked so much like human beings that he asked his shipmates not to shoot, and they agreed not to molest the monkeys. While walking under the cocoanut trees McAullay picked up a tiny baby monkey. He carried the little fellow aboard ship and fed it on the bottle. The monkey thrived and became a great favorite with the ship's crew. It was named "Gillispie." McAullay observed that certain gestures, positions, chatteringings of Gillispie's meant something, and he closely observed these, and mastered them, so that he and Gillispie could carry on a conversation in monkey talk and understand each other.

After receiving an honorable discharge from the navy, McAullay went home to his parents in Woburn, Mass., and carried Gillispie with him. On arriving at his home McAullay said: "Gillispie, these are my father and mother, and I want you to take care of them." The monkey understood, because for eleven years he did look after McAullay's parents.

Whenever Mrs. McAullay wanted to go away, she would lock the door, hand the key to Gillispie, and leave him on the piazza, and nobody could get by the monkey on guard. When she returned Gillispie would hand her the key. In cold weather he would stay inside and guard the house. He would not get into any mischief or harm a thing in the house. Gillispie died when he was thirteen years old.

I have been with McAullay at both the Boston and New York Zoos, and seen him talk to monkeys in the cage, when they crowded up to the bars and shook hands with him. Some monkeys the keepers claimed were savage and unsafe to go near; nevertheless, McAullay could soothe them and have them grasp his hand when he stuck it through the cage bars.

There have been shipments of monkeys passing through the North Station, in Boston, where McAullay is employed as a brakeman. I have known many cases where the monkeys were frightened and chattering from being handled and tossed around by truckmen. McAullay has quieted many monkeys passing through the station by just talking to them, and they always understood.

I am convinced that Jack McAullay has solved the monkey language. In telling me of his experience in the Philippines where he captured Gillispie, McAullay, one of the kindest hearted men that ever lived, said he felt as though monkeys had souls and he didn't have the heart to shoot them. His argument is what kept his shipmates from shooting the monkeys that day.

"I've got a new pig and named it Ink."
"What's the idea? Is he black?"
"No, but he is always getting out of the pen and running all over."

THE GLOBE-TROTTING HORSE

F R A N C E S J A C O B I - O ' M E A R A

BECAUSE of their love for "Jack" the family of Major Edward G. Huber, of the United States Army Medical Corps, have made of him perhaps the most widely traveled horse in the United States.

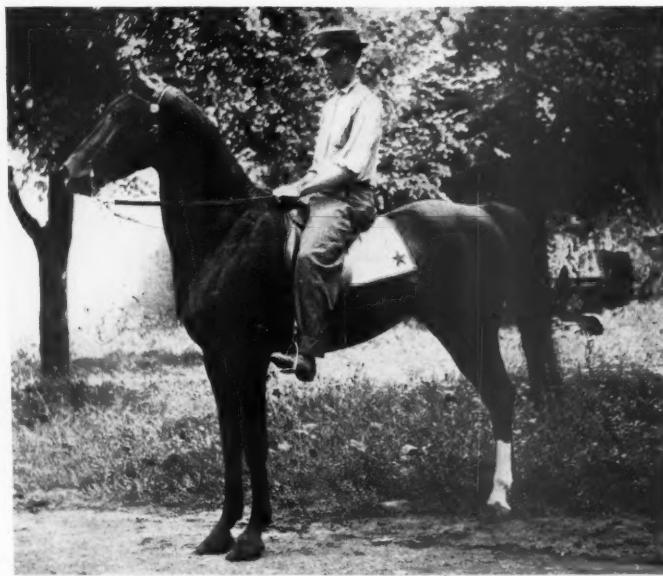
Jack is a beautiful animal bought by Major Huber from a Martinsburg, Mo., horse dealer in 1912. He was at that time possibly four years old and the Major was then in charge of the Army Hospital at Camp Pike, Arkansas. The trip from Martinsburg to Camp Pike was Jack's first train ride and he stood the trip well.

From Camp Pike the Major was ordered to Texas when the Mexican trouble began and Jack went with him, riding in his own special car. After the Mexican situation cleared up Major Huber was sent to Camp Sheridan, Ill., and along went Jack. Next on the list of the Major's appointments was Cincinnati, Ohio, where Jack won fame amongst officers and privates. The stay in Ohio was preparatory to Major Huber's service with the A.E.F. in France. Jack went as far as New York and while his master cared for the wounded soldiers in France, came on with his mistress and sojourned in Michigan.

Together they all journeyed to San Francisco upon the Major's return and during the Major's three years as head of Camp Letterman Hospital, Jack traveled the highways and byways of California. Then Uncle Sam decreed that Major Huber should go to Boston, Mass. Needless to say, Jack is now a resident of the Hub.

The Hubers—father, mother and daughter, a student at Vassar—are very proud of Jack and the best of treatment is accorded him. He has bathed his feet in the Atlantic and in the Pacific Ocean; in Boston Harbor, the Gulf of Mexico, and in the Great Lakes, but is nevertheless very much afraid of the waves. He has passed through nearly every state in the Union. He thinks no more of long railroad trip than the most seasoned human traveler.

While at Camp Letterman, Major Huber



MAJOR HUBER'S HORSE "JACK"

acquired a companion for Jack whom his young daughter named "Jill." Still Jack was in the family first and such a long time that the Hubers are all partial to him. Perhaps that is why Jill occasionally displays a touch of temper.

OUR ARMY AND OLD HORSES

ARMY orders recently received by commanders of military establishments, provide for the disposition of animals which have given their best days to the military service.

Seeking to protect aged animals from abuse, one paragraph of the orders states that "commanding officers are authorized to destroy animals on account of old age when to sell them for work in the hands of irresponsible persons would be cruel and cause suffering to the animals."

The order also provides that animals that are not capable of withstanding the hardships of campaign may be transferred from duty with troops to light duties in garrisons.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and fifty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported in November. Of these, 183 were in schools of Massachusetts; 143 in schools of Rhode Island; 105 in schools of Minnesota; 71 in schools of Georgia; 61 in schools of Virginia; 52 in schools of Washington; 25 in schools of Tennessee; 4 in Syria; 2 each in schools of Missouri, Indiana and Wisconsin; and one each in schools of Maryland, California and Canada.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 148,971

TO THE CROW AND SPARROW

B. S. IVEY

*THE crow may caw all summer long,
May loot my growing corn,
For he was with me when the spring
Was a doubtful thing unborn.*

*The sparrow in my roof may build,
And squabble in my yard,
For he in winter stayed with me,
When the ground was frozen hard.*

*When other birds had slipped away,
With leaves stripped by the breeze,
Theirs was the only cheerful voice
Around my lonely trees.*

*So keep you with your guns away,
I'll plant a field apart
For the songless feathered folk that stay—
A safe place in my heart.*

AN ANIMAL PUZZLE

IN the December *American Magazine* John Marks Saunders presents several mental tests, the first of which consists of the names of twenty animals, all with the letters mixed up. He gives as an example the letters t r a, which, when properly arranged, spell rat. The time allowed for giving the answers to these twenty words is five minutes. The average person makes six mistakes. See how many of the words you can get, and then turn to page 128 for the correct answers:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. t c a | 11. u r t l e t |
| 2. r e d e | 12. d u o n h |
| 3. n i o l | 13. h a p l e n t e |
| 4. t g r e i | 14. d e l o p r a |
| 5. s n k u k | 15. s e l w a e |
| 6. e r b a | 16. g o r o a n k a |
| 7. l f o w | 17. y c t e o o |
| 8. b a r z e | 18. k u n m p c h i |
| 9. b n s i o | 19. p e a t n o l e |
| 10. k m y e o n | 20. l q r i u r s e |



HAZEL MAY FARMER
Daughter of A. L. Farmer, Tulsa, Oklahoma

MOTHER BIRD SAVED FROM

STUCCO

BERT MOREHOUSE

HIGH up in the framework under a sixth story window a bird built her nest. Perhaps a mother bird knows nothing about commercial development. It may be to her the processes of nature and the activities of man seem especially intended to further her great objective of providing a safe home for a nest of birdlets. Anyway, while the Hotel Lakeland Terrace, at Lakeland, Florida, was under construction, this bird selected a place in the east wall to build a home for her little family, exulting perhaps in being farther from hungry cats and other animals than any other bird for miles around.

And Jimmy Graham was an understanding human being. He was one of the workmen who put the stucco on the walls of the new hotel. In the course of his work he came upon the nest, and hadn't the heart to crush the dream of the tiny mother heart. So he stuccoed around the spot very neatly and left a hole as entrance to the nest. Day after day the mother bird flew in and out at the little dark circle under the sixth story window, evincing her trust in the mighty processes about her and of the workman who guarded her trust. But, with the birds fledged and flown, the hole seemed to have served its purpose and the workman stuccoed over the spot.

A REAL BEAR STORY*

CZARINA, the famous Russian brown bear at the Bronx Zoo, has adopted a Teddy bear. She stole the make-believe bear from Lillian, the six-year-old daughter of Mrs. Robert Page, of No. 785 East One Hundred and Forty-sixth street, last evening, when the child accidentally dropped it in front of her cage.

The Czarina had two little bear children two weeks ago.

The cubs were lovely ones and gained the name of the Cream Puff Twins in the short half month they were alive. Their color was a delicate shade of light brown and their hair was slick and fluffy.

Before they were two days old they were general favorites and the little folks talked about them after seeing them, even in their sleep. The keepers planned great things for the Cream Puff Twins.

But it was not to be so. The cannibalistic Czar, their father, had not been reckoned with.

The grief of the mother grew from day to day. She would stand in the corner of the den and cry as bears cry, most pitifully.

The keepers fed her the choicest morsels for they were afraid she would die if they did not in some way wean her from her woe. When Mrs. Page and her children stepped before the iron bars to see the bears they remarked the unhappy appearance of the Czarina.

She did not notice them at first, but directly her gaze turned upon Lillian, in whose chubby hands was the Teddy bear. This Teddy bear was about the size of one of the Cream Puff Twins, and its color was likewise similar. The Czarina espied it. Slowly the idea seemed to possess her, but for some seconds she did not move. Her eyes were glued to little Lillian's toy, and the old light was coming back into her face.

Lillian was fascinated with the eyes of the Czarina, for there was a strange glow in them and she never took them off the Teddy bear. The child could not help feeling a peculiar sensation, perhaps hypnotic in its power. But when her mother at last abruptly broke the silence, saying, "Come, let's go on," Lillian was nervous. The Czarina seemed to know that her baby was about to be taken away. The child's fright was such that she flew toward her mother—and dropped the Teddy bear as she ran.

A growl escaped the bear mother. She dashed to the bars, threw her heavy body against them and rebounded. Seeing that this would not work she reached out with her paw—way out, farther and farther, until success crowned her effort and she held the Teddy bear which was to be her baby in her paw. Then she rushed to the den and wouldn't come out.

*This story has been sent us by a friend who found it in a copy of the *New York World*.

BRAINTREE CAT SAVES FAMILY

THANKS to the family cat, George E. Warren, of 103 Presidents road, Braintree, and his wife and son were aroused in time to escape when their home caught on fire recently. About one o'clock Mr. Warren was awakened by the cat, which was pawing at his face. As soon as Mr. Warren began to stir, the cat ran to a son's room and repeated its warning. The family then discovered that the interior of the house was afire, and, hastily gathering their clothes, escaped. So did the cat.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE TOADY FROG

ISOBEL LUKE

GOING home from school one day
Along a country road,
I didn't see what I was doing
And stepped upon a toad.

I had crushed the little hopper
So deep within the sand;
At night I missed his singing,—
He was leader in the band.

I told at school the story
About the Toady Frog,
And when I looked around
He was sitting on a log.

I said that I was sorry,
He bowed and hopped along.
That night I heard him singing
The old familiar song.

THE POET AND THE OWL

IT is said that when Tennyson, one of the world's greatest poets, was a boy living at his parent's home, he had a pet owl.

Tennyson's owl never lost its liberty, yet it was so tame that the boy could stroke it and caress it as freely as if it had been a pigeon or a canary.

This is how he came to be on such good terms with the bird. The owl lived in a hollow tree in Tennyson's father's grounds, and every night, when he went to bed, the boy would open the window and call gently:—"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!"

"Tu-whoo, tu-whoo, tu-whoo!" the owl would answer, and it came nearer, thinking, no doubt, that another owl was calling it.

Every night this interesting performance took place, and, little by little, the owl learned that the boy at the window did not call it to do it harm. It learned to trust him.

And at last it knew him so well that he could take it in his hand and stroke its beautifully soft plumage, and even take it into the room with him, though, of course, he always left the window open so that his feathered friend could go just when it liked.

—Band of Mercy



PLAYMATES ALL



CONFIDENCE

FEEDING THE SPARROWS IN WINTER

E. HESTER ROBERTS

FROM my kitchen window each day I noticed a flock of sparrows would light on the sill. I could not imagine why the birds flew to this one window always, unless there was a nest under the eaves of the roof above.

After watching them day in and day out, I remarked to my boy when he came from school one day about the birds. His face beamed as he told me how he was helping the sparrows through the cold spell by feeding them. Snow thick on the ground had made it almost impossible for the birds to find food.

"Why waste crumbs when there are hungry creatures so near?" he said. "Even a sparrow likes kind treatment."

I felt he was right and so each day the birds received the food until they were able to provide for themselves.

WHERE FEMALE RIGHTS PREVAIL

THE ants are described as communists, because the individual interest is merged in the community. Theirs is a female rights colony. The workers are females, the soldiers are females, the nurses are females, and there is one queen mother for them all, who lays all the eggs for the colony. The males are but mates for the young queens.



HEN MOTHERS AIREDALE PUPPIES

F. L. CLARK

A STRANGE sight on the farm of Mr. Arthur Moellering at McGregor, Iowa, last November, was a Plymouth Rock hen mothering a litter of five Airedale puppies.

The mother of the pups is a half sister of "Laddie Boy," the famous Airedale of President Harding. No sooner had the dog given birth to her puppies than the hen forsook her poultry companions and hovered constantly about the mother dog and her little ones. The mother dog did not resent the intrusion, but in some mysterious way the hen and she seemed to come to an understanding and entered into a joint mother-partnership. For about five weeks they shared, turn about, in the care of the puppies. At night, regularly, the hen went into the kennel with the puppies, the mother dog remaining outside. She squatted in among the canine babies, spread her wings and cuddled them just as she would a brood of chickens.

Daytimes the puppies were with her as much as with the mother dog. It was a funny sight to see how proudly she strutted about with them. She clucked constantly and got very fussy and excited when they cried because they were hungry or got hurt, or when strangers came near them. When the puppies were about five weeks old they were so big and boisterous that the hen had a hard time keeping them from treating her roughly, yet no amount of playful puppy mauling caused her to desert her adopted brood until they were more than six weeks old.

ANSWERS TO ANIMAL PUZZLE

(See page 126)

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. cat | 11. turtle |
| 2. deer | 12. hound |
| 3. lion | 13. elephant |
| 4. tiger | 14. leopard |
| 5. skunk | 15. weasel |
| 6. bear | 16. kangaroo |
| 7. wolf | 17. coyote |
| 8. zebra | 18. chipmunk |
| 9. bison | 19. antelope |
| 10. monkey | 20. squirrel |

WALTER SCOTT once said: "Cats are a mysterious kind of folk. There is far more passing in their minds than we are aware of."

THE DEATH OF "CHIEFTAIN"

JOHN C. MORSE

BREEDERS of Newfoundland dogs throughout the world, know Dr. M. J. Fenton because his dogs are the finest in their class both in America and abroad. Leading his string of champions, "Chieftain," a big 170-pound mass of black shaggy fur has always been the doctor's favorite, not only on account of his \$5,000 value and beautiful appearance, but because Chieftain was the doctor's faithful companion.

There is great sorrow at the Fenton kennels at Wellesley, Mass. Chieftain is dead. Only recently he was buried in front of the Fenton residence where the doctor might see his grave more frequently and unearth new memories of his pal's devotion. Over Chieftain's grave is an appropriate marker. The following elegy is inscribed upon it. Needless to say, Chieftain served his master well and his master appreciated it.

Elegy on the Death of the Newfoundland Dog "Chieftain"

D. R. M. J. FENTON

*Now lies there here beneath this sod
A noble handiwork of God
Created as a friend of man
To share with him this life's brief span.*

*Earth's labors done, his spirit fled,
Now low in death lies Chieftain's head.
His Master's call he heeds no more,
His vigil keen at last is o'er.*

*Of royal blood, both kith and kin
Paid righteous honor unto him,
No peer was there to claim his crown,
He won all honor and renown.*

*Of noble mien and loving heart,
Performing faithfully his part
He lived—and love within him said,
"Thou too must earn thy daily bread."*

*His mission now he hath fulfilled,
He seeks that rest his Maker willed.
Though grief and tears he leaves behind,
His life hath served to lift mankind.*

*"Well done, thou good and faithful friend,"
Thy life hath met untimely end.
Didst thou but know my heart's refrain,
I fain would bring thee back again.*

*God's work and wonders never cease,
His love brings happiness and peace.
May we not hope that life to be
Will clear away all mystery.*

*And bring us once more face to face,
Restoring all by God's own grace—
Both hearts that love and hearts that ache,
Enduring happiness to make.*

*No love shall e'er usurp thy place
Within my heart—no thought efface
Thy memory. Thy name shall be
A brilliant light in history.*



"CHIEFTAIN," THE VALUABLE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

THE BROKEN PINION

LYNETTE KNIGHT

RECENTLY a friend purchased a canary from my mother and as he was a wonderful singer she was not only very proud of him but valued him highly.

Some time later he caught his claws in some manner in his swing and, in his endeavors to free himself, broke his leg. His mistress felt very badly and decided that she would call in a veterinary before consenting to the killing of the bird.

The good man was puzzled when he looked at the poor little crippled mite and said that he had never set a bird's leg and was in doubt as to what course he should pursue.

"Nothing like trying, however," said he, and this is what he did.

Doubting the outcome of the experiment very much, he took matches and made some splints, after which he proceeded to put the leg into a plaster cast.

Some ten days, I forget the exact time, passed and the cast was removed only to find that the leg was stiff and useless. The doctor believed nothing more could be done, but not so the lady. Every day she worked with the canary's toes, massaging them gently with oil and moving them up and down until the little songster was able once more to use his leg as before.

Perhaps some one may benefit by this article, but I would advise using splints and bandaging the leg in preference to placing it in a cast as it is less apt to remain stiff after knitting together again.

STRAIGHT TO THE GOAL

THE world gets out of the way for a man who knows where he is going, so they say. At a lecture the speaker stated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver!" shouted a voice from the audience.

—The Haversack.

